

LEGACY



LD
5101
S367
L4
(SDA)
No.3

The spirit of man reaching for freedom has always sought expression. In 1968 you the reader of the LEGACY as well as you the contributor to the LEGACY can enjoy the product of this expression at Southern Missionary College. So descriptively Archibald MacLeish in his "Ars Poetica" captures this expression and says about poetry:

A poem should be motionless in time
As the moon climbs,

Leaving, as the moon releases,
Twisting as the night engulfs trees,

Leaving, as the moon behind the winter leaves,
Memory by memory the mind —

A poem should be motionless in time
As the moon climbs.

The Scholarship Committee wishes you the greatest enjoyment in your perusal of this LEGACY, not only the poetry but all the other forms of expression as well.

ANETTE PALM

Scholarship Committee Chairman

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THOUGHTS

The light
shines through the frost on my
 windowpane
and makes lacy patterns
 on the wall
like a bit of Chantilly seen crossing
 a moonbeam
 at midnight.

PAULETTE WITT

FOG ON A BRIDGE

A white tunnel on
 the brink of infinity —
 world of soft edges.

MARION HANSEN

LD
5105
5367
L4
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MEMOIRS OF AN OLD SHEEP DOG

Actually, I'm not a sheep dog. I don't even know anything *about* sheep. . . . never paid much attention. I just sit around on this hill, and sort of look out over the flock. But then, I've had a different life from this . . .

Evidently I'm Spanish. An American girl once owned me, but that was many years ago. . . . used to tell everyone I was part dachshund, but that's not so. I guess I do set kind of low to the ground.

Boy, did I have fun back then. . . . something going on every night. Guitars would be playing and the Spanish maids and their boyfriends just singing away.

I miss all that. What I really miss, though, is that girl. We used to sit and swing and swing on that old glider. Up there from the porch, you could see just about anything. Anyway, we would sit and she would talk. Once she showed me a picture of a dog. . . . her *other* dog. She was pretty though and awfully white. . . . supposed to be in the States of something. The girl was nice about this other dog. I mean she only mentioned her once or twice.

. . . saw a picture of myself once. It was taken in the country and I was sitting very still in front of a field of wild poppies. I don't mean to sound sissy or anything, but I loved those poppies. . . . used to run through them again and again.

Some of my younger life I don't remember too well. I remember my birth date is September 8, but then I'm never sure when September *is*. I remember getting lost that last time. I found our house once, but I couldn't recognize anyone. . . . didn't hang around too long. I suppose that girl went back to the States. . . . back to that dog. I wonder where the girl is now. . . . wonder what that old white dog is doing. . . . probably dead. She was old then. Boy, I'd love to see my picture again. . .

S. CALVERT



PHOTO BY ED SHAFER

Silvery sliver
In the sky,
Fingernail
Of shining light,
Growing nightly
To change the
Blackest night
Into platinum day.

VICKI SWANSON

SNOW

You arose before the dawn,
And left your slumbering fellows in their place.
You went out among the dropping flakes,
And in the stillness of the morn
Did hear them thud against the frozen ground.

ANNE GROTHEER

A POEM

Fall throws summer's empty pop bottle
against the corner of my house,
shattering it into howling shivers
that
fall,
stabbing the green earth
to a slow death.

The ashes of summer bonfires,
turned cold and strange,
lie like a shroud
over life each morning.

Leaves have their last colored fling
before the trees, tall and stately litterbugs,
cast them to the winds
like so much brown paper.

Old deserted picnic grounds
are strange and cold
as lovers' dreams.

The whole earth
changes,
freezes,
gathering strength
to riot in the spring.

ANITA FRANZ SCHROEDER

SHIPWRECK

A leaf,
pushed rudely
against the sides
of a bird-bath,
had at one time
caused much discussion
among the bathers.

Now,
as an abandoned vessel,
flung up to shore,
it floats,
undisturbed.

S. CALVERT

STARE

Kaleidoscopic Eyes,
Flashing, catching,
Delving in dazzling
Glimpses of golden,
Beautiful brilliancy
Laughing listlessly,
Gaze through a delicate mask
Deep into a shallow glass.

WARNER SWARNER



DONNA MILLER

LONELINESS

Loneliness is being in a crowd,
Knowing someone dislikes you.
Loneliness is a malignant hunger that slowly brings
the pain of depression and self pity.
It is an argument,
A long empty hallway,
Writing a letter no one will ever receive.

BILL BERKEY

I, a solitary being,
And an unimportant one —
I walked in rain this evening.
These three I felt, else none:
The soggy clods beneath my feet,
The tears a gray cloud cried,
And a sudden recognition
That God was by my side.

A. MARTONE



MIST

I walked into a mist
and liked it.
The lightly soothing balm
Cooled my embarrassed identity.
Lightly, easily at first
I wandered in its frail entry
Seeking solace.
Moving on to denser veils,
I shrouded myself from the familiar.
Then, sensing my void in
Time and Space — I searched
And found myself
Lost.

GERALD MARTIN

THE HITCHHIKER

An uplifted thumb
the motion of a hand,
a head,
a being
in your direction
for one fleeting moment time has stopped
motion has suspended
we face in a confrontation of choices
the decision is yours
to race by and be lost in the maze of time
or to take a hitchhiker to understanding.

CLYDE GAREY

ALFONZO LEOPOLD BOURGEOIS

Plunk—plunk—the pecans pelted the bottom of the syrup bucket. “Uncle Lep’s” tin can and pole pecan picker enabled him to gather the daily crop in his St. Augustined lawn, despite his expanding waistline. A huge diamond stud sparkled against his stiffly starched white shirt in the Deep South’s mid-Tuesday afternoon sun. His receding hairline made the gray even more prominent. Oh, there’s another pecan, right behind the “Lawn of the Month” sign.

KATHLEEN JOHNSON

AS A LITTLE CHILD

The other day I was seated by a four-year old boy in a meeting. I had with me a plastic bug; I placed this bug on my knee and watched the little fellow for awhile. Before very many minutes his eyes caught sight of the insect. His eyes grew large, and before long his chubby little fingers had made a cage for this strange animal. His eyes grew larger, and as he looked up and asked, “Is it yours?”, my eyes grew large also. I became four again. I was intrigued by the premeditated hops of the bug and the black and yellow spots on the shiny red back.

My mind wandered out of the meeting and I was again on the red clay banks of my ship, fending off pirates with my pine-limb sword and oaken cannon. I was on Iwo Jima raising my terrycloth flag and annihilating the hordes of enemy bushes. There I was in an impregnable Christmas-tree fort, shooting Indians with my longstick rifle.

The clouds looked like lots of things as I lay in the yard making clover blossom necklaces. Catching bees and putting the jar up to my ear to hear the madness within. Playing with Manfred, a white-with-brown-splotches cocker spaniel. Sucking honeysuckle blooms and — a tug on my arm, and a tearful, motherly disciplined, four-year old laid a shiny red bug in my hand. A tear also fell from my eye because I had just grown up again, the simple was now complex, and I was no longer as a little child.

BILL BERKEY

THE LINK

It was his only link with sanity. Not large by any means, it contained his only connection with life. Sometimes it held all the anger of the elements within its small confines. Often it held the fanciful castles of long dead monarchs in stately suspension. It held the ageless story of hunter and hunted as predator sought his prey.

Tenuous contacts with life were these. Small links that gave the mind strength. It was small, no more than a foot high and two feet long. The dust of the ages slept in its corners. His sole visitor, a spider, made its home within one of the tiny cracks that lined the cold surface. Yes, it was a link. For forty years it had been his only link; his cell window was his world.

STANVA DOMBROSKY

WARMTH

She wandered aimlessly down the red dirt road. The sweater felt good even though it wasn't really cold yet. But the wind was getting stronger every day that passed now. Nobody knew where she'd gone, but what did it matter? She had an hour before dinner time. Here's where she always crossed the ditch. The barbed wire was higher from the ground here because of the way the bank dipped down.

In the field rough ragweed pulled at her loafers begging her to stay awhile, "Why not? The wind doesn't blow down here." As she lay down against the warm earth, a weak sun feebly fluttered a few diluted rays at her. But she didn't need the sun now. The earth was warm, and besides, the wind didn't blow down here.

JOAN EDWARDS



PLEASURE PARADOX

Densely I become aware of the shallow droning music from the portable transistor near me. Dullness throbs along my thought paths as I struggle to orient myself. Eyes open. Incandescent blue sky confronts. Now I am fully aware. Aware of tangible temperature, grainy sand, and resounding waves. Aware of perspiration trickling, flowing across my oiled skin and dripping incessantly on the yellow-striped towel between the beach and my body.

On the dunes behind, kids cavort in "pretend-like" war. Their mouthy ack-ack-acks, imitating machine gun fire, swell and diminish like the waves at my feet. I lift the corner of my towel and squint at the gleaming face of my watch. It's been an hour's sleep in the noon sun. If there were trees on the island, I'd seek shelter. But there aren't, so I'll turn over to protect my burning face. Then I can reach that radio knob, too!

GERALD MARTIN

SILENT SYMPHONY

The door to my untouched life
 Slowly, painfully
 Creaks open —
And the red-gold flame of sunlight
 Bursts in upon my consciousness,
 Blinding, aching, yet curiously warm
 Bittersweet . . .
It engulfs my whole being
 Without fanfare,
 but with silent symphony.
The surging torment of searching . . .
 Growing awareness . . .
 The throbbing tenderness of a first kiss . . .
The sudden realization of Love —
 Dispelling the once impenetrable mist,
 Dispersing the shadows.
But now Circumstance bids me go —
 Separate myself from a possession
 far too precious to merely OWN.
Although my departure is casual,
 My love is not.
I tuck my heart away in a box of golden . . . beside you —
 In hopes that we will
 Await my return
 Together . . .

B. KILLEN

WORDS OF LOVE

Upon the sand a smile permeates another's face.

So silently it shouts

Persistent messages —

While discreetly absorbed in sand castles.

Moods undulating in harmony

Are caught in the air

With desperate tackles.

Words of love in $\frac{3}{4}$ time.

Hot, seasonless winds blow the time astray

As unexpected crys

Sling stereotyped "whys."

Words go in — in angry disconnected rhyme.

Love is jazzed apart —

In short soul songs

With sYncOpatEd time.

JACKIE SALYERS



PAUL RICHARDSON

SOLDIER'S RETURN

Word from the white house dome
Says soon the day will come
When Johnny comes marching home.

Bursting black and white
 Make red in Detroit town.
Increase in crime — 14% —
 It's going up — not down.
Dirty little children
 Change morals all around,
And fornicating teens
 Sing the double sound.

Lies fill the white house dome,
Silver's only chrome,
Will Johnny come marching home?

The politicians spoke,
 What they said was right,
A mushroom cloud flared proud
 Almost out of sight.
This time the word was *will*
 Instead of the usual *might*,
And the whole world was plunged
 Into eternal night.

It's an empty, hollow dome,
Life is nowhere known,
And Johnny has marched home.

—D BRASS

WAR

As the child eagerly tore open the brown package,
His mind turned back,
Back to that dreadful day,
The blinding flash,
The ear-splitting explosion,
Then quiet, a terrifying silence,
And a ghastly sight.
There, cruelly torn to pieces,
Lying in pools of blood,
Were a man and a woman
Caught by a booby-trap
That the child had escaped
By dawdling behind on the path.
A voice spoke to him, saying,
"This, little fellow, is war.
War is a little child's parents dying.
War is an innocent person dying.
Stay away from war, Son."
A big tear welled up
And dropped onto the orphan's sandwich.

TERENCE FUTCHER



IN TIME OF WAR

To Thee we pray this patriotic song
Oh, Lord, our God, the Father of all men.
Indulgence, not forgiveness for this sin,
We seek. We want to kill, a petty wrong.

Oh, give us now your blessing, loving God,
Our bullets guide between their hunted eyes,
And help us drown the roar of guns with cries
Of writhing, dying men on blood-soaked sod.

We manufacture widows with the sword.
We fuel with blood our freedom's thirsty flame.
(What crimes are done in Liberty's dear name!)
But wink, and bless us in our killing, Lord.

Above all else we want dear Liberty!
Above the butchered dead, (or even Thee!).

PHILLIP WHIDDEN



PAUL RICHARDSON

MY COUNTRY IS CHINA

Although I have been going school in the United States since 1962, I had never forgotten my people and my country. Whenever there was a clear and silent night, I was always pleased looking up at the moon and fell into dream, the dream of journey for home. If it was a gloomy and rainy day, I often meditated alone and tried to figure out why my beloved country being splitted into two? I still have no solution, but I am certain that I am not belonging to the Communist, neither am I belonging to the National. I am Chinese, and my country is China, which has been soundly established since six thousand years ago.

PAUL MUI



QUARANTINED

What do they know of life
these young colts just out of the stall
these young heads filled with words and books?
What do they know of life
these who have never tasted it
these who propound their theories
like schoolboys reciting the alphabet?
What do they know of men and women
and the pulse of life that fills the veins of real men
these children who play with children
and call it life
these children who do not dare to live
these children who lean together under the eaves
out of the storm?
What do they know of life
these who claim to be like Him
they are not like Him
He was a man who called a spade a spade
He knew the story of the whore
He caught the look in the eye of the adulteress
He sensed the pride of being alive that beats
in the hearts of real men.
He tasted life at its beginning pure as spring water
and its end like old mellowed wine.
He loved the party, the carnival, the streets filled
with a surging, living crowd
for there He could see life and study character.
What do they know of life
these children who claim to be like Him
who hide their heads in books
and refuse to touch life
for fear of being contaminated?

CLYDE GAREY

AN APOLOGY

If I could walk barefoot
 beside a buffalo,
I'd part dusty and matted hair
 from his eyes,
and talk.

Talk to him
of fierce battles
with coppertone beings.
Continuous running amuck.
The sensation of stopping trains,
as his herd bellowed by.
 (How like a giant dog,
 who, playing too rough,
 puts out his paw
 and obstructs the journey
 of a black beetle.)

Ask his pardon
for fence game preserves —
each resembling
a checkerboard square.

To own a buffalo
would be a noble
American gesture.

S. CALVERT

DEPARTURE

The leaves of spring have held their bloom
Through warmest summer spells,
But fall at last toward shadows dark,
The outlines of themselves.

WARNER SWARNER

SOCRATES, NOW SPOCK

Socrates died two thousand years
Ago for corrupting the youth
Now leary of the things said
Governments are still destroying
men for corrupting youth and
Attacking the ancient gods
Of chauvinism and international
Hate you who are from other
Lands will take you who must
Flee lest a prison sentence
Speak for freedom and peace
Over the world peace and good
Will you stand, Dr. Spock.

RUSSELL TURNER

ON VALUES

Cold people are amused
At the patched flannel shirt
Of a country boy in the city.
They can't see his heart of gold,
Nor do they know he wonders
At their clothes of gold and sees
Their hearts of patched flannel.

—D BRASS



YVONNE ZOLLINGER

THREE VIEWS ON ART

Lazy-reeling smoke drifts have settled the rose wood room and glazed eyes plow through them to see dazed musicians speling hazy, congealing notes.

A sophisticated small-talk face, the kind that likes to look into a mirror, asks her escort's face, "Do you understand this new music?"

At the poetry party we are playing games. My butler eyes have let in too many luxuriant guests: the poetry page's similes are dressed so lavishly that their persons cannot be seen — metaphors come in stark, revealing costumes and nothing about the person is remembered except his nudity. My eyes rush around trying to see their minds — their true identities. It is impossible.

I ask one of them, my eyelids drooping under the weight of chagrin, "Why do you dress so? You are confusing me."

"How delightful!"

Severe (almost throbbing) walls bear up the crushed out eye paintings; the pictures by the disciples of Charybdis; the canvasses made priceless by drippings from a brush or a vortex; here and there a costly painting executed by a camel hair or vomituration of oils.

A knowing eyed group sweeps past and all I hear of the guide's diet-drink lecture is ". . . as in all ages reflects the state of the contemporaneous world. . ."

PHILLIP WHIDDEN

TO A CYNIC

An old city bum
On a park bench slept.
A boy and his chum
Slo-o-o-wly crept
Up to his side
And carefully applied
Some limberger cheese
On his gray moustache.

The old bum awoke.
He sat up and blinked,
Then quietly spoke,
"Somethin' stink!"
Slowly he went
And walking, he meant
To find him a place
Where the air didn't stink.

MARYANNE MASTON

AGE / GROWTH

Sands are sliding through a glass.
The top was at first the more full,
But as time continues to pass,
The old fills the new, which, pulling
Its entire substance from the old,
Grows by the loss
Of the first. But hold —
The old can't count it a cost
For it continues by
Giving itself to the new.

Plants die
And fall. Seeds, too,
Fall and are seen
To sprout and become
New green
Of new lawns.

WILBUR VANHORN



ROOF

MARGIE ROOF

LOSS

I reached forward as I had been instructed and pulled on the chrome plated bar. It was cold and uncomfortable. Twelve arms lifted in unison. I walked, trying to be dignified with the others as we escorted her body to the open grave.

Standing in honor behind the casket, I could see her family. Before the final prayer her father placed his hand with effort on his wife's. That was the only movement except for palm branches and the mother's black lace mantila waving stiffly in the erratic breeze.

FRANKLIN LAUDER

THE SEA OF SORROW

Restless, moving waters eradicating,
Defacing, renewing the face of the
Sand.

The Sea of Sorrow,
Flooding the life with despair,
Covering, seeming to change
The face of the Soul.
The Sea will wash the mind,
Remove the care of caring
For desolate, resplendent
Shells left on the beach
By the tide of Life.

The Sea,
Deigning to convey the calmness
Desired by those
Over whom the
Waters ebb.

ELDON ROBERTS

OVERFLOWINGS

All beauty of the Life,
The majesty of soul, cannot be told
By timid hearts, afraid
To walk alone on stony roads
Where cuts are deep and hurts are keen
And no one stops to wonder why you cry.

He cannot speak aloud,
Expose to sight his inmost soul,
Who does not dare to scorn contempt,
Smile into mocking eyes, walk tall
Against the many and beat back
The surging tide of Running Scareds.

PAULETTE WITT

ALONE

Under the dim light of the lamp post, the little dog can hardly be seen as he huddles in the thick grass. Through the long blades, with his eyes opened widely, he watches intently the busy people as they stroll along and pass him by. His eyes are big and brown and cold. They seem to imply that they have seen and felt much anguish and loneliness. His shabby coat is a dull blend of black and brown except for a small, white patch of fur under his chin. His small paws are dirty and caked with mud. The cold, winter wind blows rudely upon his dusty fur and causes it to stand on end for a few seconds. The little dog makes no whimper or whine, but seems to be used to the night, its coldness, and its loneliness.

Tired of his grassy perch, he wends his way down the sidewalk, stopping now and then to sniff the air and peer around him. Suddenly, he senses a sharp sting in his front leg, and he hears the boisterous laughter of running boys. A sharp stick lies on the ground nearby, and now, drops of blood fall beside it. The little dog makes no move to chase his enemies but hobbles on using his three good legs. He must find shelter and, perhaps, some warmth for the night. He passes groups of people, humbly dodges between them, and moves out of their way.

It is even darker and colder now, and alone the little dog still searches for a place to rest. All of the people are gone now; the dog cannot bother them. Exhausted, he falls into a bed of leaves and grass. His roof is the trees and the starry heavens. He breathes heavily for awhile and then licks his sore, bleeding leg. With his small round head resting on his outstretched paws, he goes to sleep only to wake up to the same lonely world again in which, for him, love is a stranger.

CONNIE STORIE

GRIM REAPER

Death is a two-faced Scratch.
One day he will gleefully snatch
life from a youth.
Then (in truth)
he comes another day
giving age his pay —
(rest after a race hard fought,
doing more than he ought)
a single rose
and quiet repose.

BILL HUNTER

CADIT QUAESTIO

Man questions, seeks answers
to improve his existence,
To bring stability, security
to his uncertain life.
One answer poses ten questions
Until
Man's own answers to
His own questions
Destroy him.

DAVID MC BROOM



Lonely tears,
Inside,
Fighting to squeeze out,
But Pride,
My little-boy Pride,
Holds them captive.

MARYANNE MASTON

A MYSTERY

Above,
Beyond the paltry heights
To which we aspire
Is God,
Supreme,
Immeasurable.
His Words,
Never said in vain,
Can shake the world,
Or,
Like a whisper,
Steal,
Angel-shod,
Into my heart.

PAULETTE WITT

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